

The Sun

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TELEPHONE, BREKMAN 2200.

The "Unfinished" War Power.

Former President Taft has written an article for the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia on the addition by Congress of its constitutional powers in the progressive delegation of legislative authority to the Executive. Mr. Taft's general opinion with regard to the significance and danger of this process seems to be much like that of THE SUN. In particular, we are glad to find him in agreement with what this newspaper has been saying about one very important question of constitutional law.

We refer to the so-called war power of the President as derived from the Constitution.

Mr. Taft correctly describes this war power as "undefined." He might even have gone further than that and described it as non-existent in the constitutional sense.

Newspaper commentators like our neighbor the *World* have said so much lately about the "unconstitutionality" of any legislation which the President might regard as interfering with his authority in time of war and navy that a great many people, no doubt, have actually come to suppose that somewhere in the Constitution there is a definite grant of war powers to the Executive; powers extraordinary and to be exercised only after war has been declared by the Congress.

This supposition belongs with the popular fallacies. The only war powers specifically granted by the Constitution are granted to Congress, not to the Executive. These several war powers of Congress are defined by the Constitution.

On the other hand, such war powers as belong exclusively to the President are conferred upon him not directly and definitely and specifically, but only indirectly and by implication in the clause designating him as Commander in Chief.

Indeed, so far is the President from possessing a defined function in time of war, enlarging the authority he exercises in time of peace, that the Constitution contains not a section, or a clause, or a line, or a word distinguishing between his war powers and his peace powers; with the single minor exception that his title of Commander in Chief is extended to include the "militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States."

As to the army and navy of the United States, the President is as much the Commander in Chief of these in peace as he is in war; and the circumstance of war does not increase his authority in a single particular that is mentioned by the Constitution.

Mr. Taft is quite right when he speaks of the war power as "undefined." It may be and undoubtedly is created and shaped by the exigencies of the conflict. But it is not defined by constitutional warrant; and the sooner this broad fact is understood, the less loose talk there will be about the invasion by Congress of the "constitutional war powers of the President" whenever Congress undertakes to legislate concerning matters of governmental organization affecting war efficiency.

The Big Game of Alaska.

Alaska is the last great game country of the nation, and if the best conservation measures be adopted in the immediate future an abundance of game may be preserved for an indefinite time. So writes the Governor of Alaska in his report for 1917. Notwithstanding the needs of "the best conservation measures," the big game of Alaska is threatened by a bill now before Congress, which permits the selling at all times of bull moose, caribou, male and female, and the male sheep, north of latitude 62 degrees, which takes in a little more than two-thirds of the Territory.

A circular from an outfitter says that where he has his establishment "is the gateway to the finest and about the last of the great game countries of North America." The Sulzer bill, if it became law, would open up the country where the remnants of the big game supply now is and permit the placing in cold storage of big game for meat to take the place of beef, mutton and pork. Because of the

high price of these latter foods, the sale of these animals would be permitted at all times north of 62 degrees "during the existing state of war," as the title of the bill reads, although the phrase is not in the measure itself.

It was the commercializing of the bison that wiped the animals from the map of the United States, the slaughter that permitted men to kill a buffalo merely to use the loin for supper and breakfast, and throw away the remainder of the meat. Not getting a sufficient number of men in America to slay the animals, the railroads even advertised in England for hunters and included women in the invitation. The big game of America have been so depleted that caribou and antelope are found only in protected parks. Three States only have an open season on elk, two on goat, one on sheep, and so rapidly has the moose been killed off that only a brief open season in one State is all that is left of the vast herds that once made their homes in the Northern States.

Practically every State in the country has a law against the sale of game. It was seen that by degrees the natural heritage of all the people was used for the profit of a few and it became imperative to enact legislation to save the candidates booked for extinction.

The present law in Alaska and the Sulzer bill permit the taking of two moose, three caribou and three sheep. Nothing could be more liberal than that. At present the carcass of caribou is permitted to be sold during the open season and fifteen days thereafter. The Sulzer bill would permit the selling of moose and sheep, in addition to caribou, and there is nothing to stop the commercial people from sending men out to bring back \$10,000 worth of moose, sheep and caribou meat, and selling it all the year round in place of the higher priced beef, mutton and pork.

"War necessity" for such a condition has not arisen. If it does arise, that is a matter to be met with in a manner that at least will not let the remnants of big game countries follow in the footsteps of the bison.

Miss Morgan's Appeal.

Miss ANNE MORGAN'S patriotism and devotion to the great labor she has set for herself in the rehabilitation of devastated France are so appealing that they almost disarm criticism; but her appeal to American women to travel to France, there to work on the farms, is a counsel of enthusiasm, not of sound judgment.

If we had in this country and in Canada an excess of farm labor Miss MORGAN'S plan might command sympathetic consideration, although its execution would involve numerous difficulties. But there is a serious shortage of farm labor throughout North America, and to deplete its ranks further might lead to disaster here without producing a compensating good result elsewhere.

It is probable that there are a comparatively few persons, men and women, who might be attracted by the novelty and romance of a trip to war-torn France and promise to work at agricultural rebuilding, who would never take up a similar occupation here; but these, it is to be feared, would be of little use to Miss MORGAN abroad. They would rank with the romantic young women who long to cool the fevered brows of wounded heroes in a military hospital, but want somebody else to scrub the floors. It would be better to have them remain at home than to send them abroad to hamper competent workers.

Some Old Roads and Some New Names.

Now that the time rapidly approaches when the feel of spring is in the air, and when authors, motorists and vagabonds take to "the open road," it is fitting to consider some old roads and some new names.

About half a hundred miles from New York are certain wool roads with ancient and agreeable designations—the Ticket Road, the Old Stump Road, the Horseblock Road, the Granny Road and the Portion Road. It is with a sinking heart that the traveler sees a new signpost set up in a little clearing telling him that the good old Portion Road has become, for all selling purposes, Montgomery Boulevard. The old name, besides simplicity and ununsoundness, had historical significance in that it denoted and recalled a land division of a century ago. The new name has not even the fitness surrounding that of the parlor car *Damon*, carefully followed by a dusky porter named PYTHIAS JOHNSON.

And why rechristen the Granny Road? Calling it Buena Vista Drive does not improve the view. Buena Vista as the name of a linen collar is subject to a certain amount of justification. The collar may look well on some one else.

thoroughfare is known as the Speedway they no longer feel constrained to admire the scenery.

There is only one drawback about taking to the open road. After a short distance it is invariably found to be closed for repairs. True, an arrow generally shows the direction for the necessary detour, but no cross marks the spot where the last car went into the ditch.

Roads have no names which real estate developers are bound to respect, but they have geographical antecedents which it is difficult to alter. For example, there is the Merrick Road of Long Island, which at some distance from New York becomes simply the South Country Road. Why does the South Country Road wind about in the particular fashion it does? A Long Islander who once examined this question with some care came to the conclusion that the twists and turns in an exceptionally level region were due to the existence, every mile or so, of various brooks and small streams, all flowing south into the Great South Bay. As nearly as he could judge the road proceeded from one fordable place to another in earlier days. The first Long Islanders had had to cross these numerous waterways at certain spots where horses could splash through shallow water with a safe footing.

This was before any of the streams had been dammed for the double sake of water power and a dry highway. Thus the South Country Road had been evolved as a thoroughfare leading from ford to ford. The persistence of this law of its evolution is shown by the fact that it still runs from fords to fords.

Have We Caught an Old and Esteemed Friend Napping?

One of our numerous learned and sagacious friends, having by dint of unremitting study attained that exalted plane of wisdom on which dwell the erudite who verify all the quotations they desire to use, had occasion recently to lean for a moment on honest JOHN BARTLETT and his "collection of passages, phrases and proverbs traced to their sources in ancient and modern literature." With serene and unquestioning confidence he sought this ever ready staff and support, and in the process of his search his eye fell upon page 957 of the edition of 1914, which is devoted to MASTER FRANCIS RABELAIS, the sturdy romancer whose gravity and gaiety have survived three and a half centuries and still serve to amuse, to entertain and to instruct. Half way down the page appears this entry, singularly apposite in the world's present situation, and by its appropriateness well designed to catch the truant attention:

"Corn is the sinews of war.—Works, Chapter XLVI."

The saying is a true one; Mr. HOOVER has burned it on our consciousness; it is a truism of every dinner table, the password in every eating house. But did Master FRANCIS RABELAIS put this momentous fact in words, and bequeath it to Time and the fates of Prussian autocracy? Despite the authority of JOHN BARTLETT, the quotation does not ring true; it should be "gold is the sinews of war," or "money is the sinews of war," or something after that order. Can BARTLETT have fallen into error, typographical or other? Let appeal be taken to his earlier work, the edition of 1891, in which he modestly writes down:

"I have gathered a posse of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."

Here, too, this time on page 771, is "Corn is the sinews of war." Now, this appears conclusive; JOHN BARTLETT himself was alive in 1901; his posse of other men's flowers first appeared in 1855, and countless grave scholars have used it as a handbook since then. Each of them has sworn by it when it upheld him, and at it when it confuted him; could an error in a phrase so popular be overlooked? Or did RABELAIS actually say corn is the sinews of war, and had his exact observation been neglected, overlooked, forgotten? It is hard to go against BARTLETT the institution revised and enlarged in the 1914 volume by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE; it is a project of great daring to take issue with JOHN himself in the 1901 version. But that corn sticks in the crop. What did Master FRANCIS say?

Chapter XLVI. of Book I. of the Works records "How GRANDGOUTIER fed very kindly entertain TOUCHEFAUCET his prisoner." He called to him the monk, "and before them all thus spoke unto him":

"Frier JOHN, my good friend, is it you that took prisoner the Captain TOUCHEFAUCET here present? Sir, said the monk, seeing himself here, and that he is of the years of discretion, I had rather you should know it by his confession than by any words of mine. Then said TOUCHEFAUCET, My sovereign lord, it is he indeed that took me, and I do therefore most freely yield myself his prisoner. Have you put him to any ransom?" said GRANDGOUTIER to the monk. No, said the monk, of that I take no care. How much would you have for having taken him? Nothing, nothing, said the monk; I am not awayed by that, nor do I regard it. Then GRANDGOUTIER commanded that, in presence of TOUCHEFAUCET, should be delivered to the monk for taking him the sum of three score and two thousand saluts (in English money fifteen thousand and five hundred pounds) which was done.

Thereupon Captain TOUCHEFAUCET was set at liberty, with rich presents. Accompanied by a suitable guard under GYMNAST, he departed, and:

"As soon as he was gone the monk restored unto GRANDGOUTIER the three

score and two thousand saluts which he had received, saying, Sir, it is not as yet the time for you to give such gifts; stay till this war be at an end, for none can tell what accidents may occur, and war begun without good provision of money beforehand for going through with it, is but as a breathing of strength, and blast that will quickly pass away. Coin is the sinews of war."

So "coin" not "corn" was what Master FRANCIS RABELAIS made Frier JOHN say? Ah, the types may be wrong in this wretched edition of the classic, though the context seems to uphold the traditional saying and to condemn BARTLETT; but we must not move in haste against a high authority. Consult the publishers; let us hear what they have to say:

"DEAR SIR: We beg to thank you for your interest in advising us of the seeming error in the text of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations—quotation from Rabelais.

"There seems to be little question but what your edition of Rabelais is correct in this particular instance, and upon verifying beyond any possible question, we will make the change in the plates.

"Yours very truly,
"LITTLE BROWN & COMPANY.
"H. G. MCINTIRE.
"Boston, February 12."

Mr. MCINTIRE has already been to the Public Library, no doubt, and knows the truth. We are not yet convinced, so great is our respect for BARTLETT; we shall await the reassurances of Little, Brown & Company and the verification of their findings by independent scholars, whom we can see now rushing to their reference libraries and original sources, with JOHN COTTON DANA well in the lead; and if JOHN BARTLETT did not, we hope among these eminent servants of accuracy will be found one with all the editions of the Familiar Quotations, who can tell us how long his mistake escaped detection by the gifted men who depend on the integrity of his versions of familiar misquotations.

When Senator WEEKS, Republican, of Massachusetts, spoke yesterday in support of Senator CHAMBERLAIN, Democrat, whose recent assertion that the United States had fallen down in war and that its Government had stopped functioning is well remembered, he said no more than the impressive warning given him the day before by Senator JAMES, Democrat, of Kentucky.—The World.

Perhaps he considered the source.

Magistrate HOWES advises pedestrians to bear in mind "when they start to cross a street, no matter from which side, the traffic approaches them from the left; that when they reach the middle of the street it approaches them from the right. Before stepping from the sidewalk always look to the right. When reaching the middle of the street always look to the right." And a United States mail van is likely to come from right, left, the rear or in front.

Secretary BAKER has amended his ruling concerning the claims of married women for exemption from the draft. His regulations revised the District Board's practice with respect of slacker marriages, and his later ruling tends to avoid confusion.

\$15 a week—Newspaper headline.

Well, he may have needed the money.

HELL GATE CHANNEL.

Would Wise Provision Make It Forty Feet Deep?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: If any change is made in Hell Gate channel I would like to suggest that it would be much more advantageous to make it forty-five feet than thirty-five. I believe Congress set the figures at a forty foot channel.

The making of a thirty-five foot channel is certainly going backward, not forward, and one of the great troubles with many of the engineering projects around New York city has been in looking ahead only a few years instead of twenty-five or thirty. Let us construct a thirty-five foot channel today and in a few years make it forty or forty-five would be simply throwing away the public's money, to say nothing of becoming a laughing stock for many of the Western engineering organizations.

H. M. F.
Consulting Engineer.
New York, February 16.

The Men Embaro.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It appears that our Food Administrator has interdicted the buying of hens during the next seventy-five days. Does the sapient gentleman think that poultrymen who have kept hens six or eight months will suddenly come out on grain worth \$15 a hundred, and then be "paying enough to pay for their salt," will tell them now when they just begin to lay? Flocks are usually culled at the end of the laying season, and the most promising ones kept for breeding. At this season they are looked over again, and those not likely to lay in the near future are sold to the butcher. I have 300 hens that give no promise of laying three eggs in three months, but I will keep them at an expense of over \$300, and then sell them at a time when there will be no demand for them.

Looks like a chance for the dealers who have large stocks to sell out at good profit!

From the *Fort Scott Tribune*.

The first time we met Homer Hoke, the Marion editor who yesterday announced that the Republican nomination for Congress, we were thrown together as roommates in a frat house at Lawrence, and we formed the impression of him that while he is a good, clean, progressive young man, he lacks nerve because he either failed to say his prayers or thought them after he got in bed.

The Line.
(American troops in France.)
You hold the line somewhere near fair Lorraine.
The embattled line that runs,
Facing the hate and hunger of the Hun,
From Switzerland to the main.

And whoever brings fees combine,
Whatever fate ensue,
We have our faith unflinching—faith that you,
You still will hold the line!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE BUTTERFLY WHO GREW INTO AN EAGLE.

Once upon a time there was a Butterfly who lived in the sunlight with other butterflies, of whom he was the King. Many of the butterflies were jealous of the King Butterfly; and many of those who watched the butterfly said that while he was very amusing to look upon, and perhaps might be a king among butterflies, after all he was only a butterfly.

When a time came in which Eagles were needed, the King Butterfly then, and said he merely wanted to be a butterfly, and those who watched the butterfly not a few said, "Once a butterfly, king or no king, always a butterfly."

But the King Butterfly did his best to learn to be an Eagle, and finally he became an Eagle, held in respect by other Eagles, and he died as an Eagle, thus convincing even the butterfly and those who watched them that a Butterfly may grow into an Eagle, if he tries hard.

ELIMINATE THE BUTTON?

Man to Be Emancipated by Following Woman's Example.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I believe it was Dr. Watts who informed us that the mighty ocean was composed of tiny drops of water. May it not be said with equal truth that the vast volume of suffering in the world is mainly made up of pinpricks and seemingly trifling discomforts? Men are

Among these I count the annoyances incident to the use of buttons and buttonholes. A single button, by not being where it should, is often the cause of acute distress, to say nothing of the mortification of a modest person who may become conscious of its absence. And buttonholes! Who has escaped the misery of finding one of them out of repair?

Even when buttons and holes are all in perfect order, how effective is the constantly recurrent drudgery of coordinating them in providing incipient madness to the female sex. Men are

I know of nothing more infuriating than the necessity of buttoning and unbuttoning one's clothing, excepting the frightful task of hooking up one's wife's dress. The hook and eye present the greatest demonstration ever made of the intelligence of the female sex. Men are too intelligent to use them, even though they still submit to the tyranny of that custom which dictates the use of buttons.

It was a great and glorious thing THE SUN did some time ago when it told how one particular button can be done away with. By just so much it lightened the burden of human misery. But why stop at the back of the neck? Why not go further and show how buttons may be eliminated altogether from the badly balanced scheme of the universe?

It can be done, and I take a modest pride in being able to tell how. I am not entirely devoid of intelligence, even though she still uses hooks and eyes to some extent after having discovered how to do without them—a thing no man could ever do. Herein, with her usual consistency, she demonstrates her superiority to the male sex.

Shoppers are the things. At least I believe that is what they call 'em. Anyway, I have discovered among the interminable rows of fastenings that run up and down my wife's dresses' backs and other parts, certain arrangements that displace hooks and eyes to the great advantage of all concerned, certainly to the material enhancement of the happiness of the human race.

These little contraptions consist of knobs of metal on one side, and corresponding sockets also of metallic formation on the other. All you have to do is to shove the knob into the socket and there you are.

The one slips into the other with a vicious snap, which, as I deduce, gives rise to the name. If that is really the name of them. And once in they stay in till you want them to come out. Then a gentle jerk loosens them and there you are again.

Consider for a moment the great alleviation of present conditions that would be produced if snappers were used instead of buttons and hooks in all places where the latter now occur. It is true that they are coming to be used more and more, but their superiority to the great advantage of all concerned, certainly to the material enhancement of the happiness of the human race.

But the most valuable improvements often come into use slowly. I may not live to see the day when there shall be no more buttons and buttonholes, but I shall have done some service to mankind by writing this. So will THE SUN if you print it.

DAVID A. CURTIS.
New York, February 16.

WHAT WASN'T LINCOLN?

Of Course a German Put in a Claim for Him.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: "About Lincoln's birth and ancestry," the little need he said "I have read Carrie Germain's letter to THE SUN with much interest, but the above line should be of the greatest importance."

Herr Hennrichhausen, a German historian resident in Baltimore, has documentary evidence that Abraham Lincoln was of direct German origin; he can show that his grandfather, Abraham Linkhorn, held land in Germany. Young Abe Lincoln served many in his father's house for Father Sir Cyr, a French priest; he also made benches for the people who attended mass.

There is no doubt about the origin of the Hanks family, and their Irish brogue was intense, particularly that of Denis, Jerry, Lucy and Nancy, as I have seen in the Outlook. This led me to look for an Irish origin, which I found in Birr, Kings County. The given names of those families were also much the same as Mary, Nancy, Bridget, Denis, Rodney, Peter, Thomas, James and Jerry or Dermott. The crest and arms were the same as those of the Hanks, also the motto, "Honore et Virtute." The original name was Gillehanah.

The Gaelic name of Lincoln was Lin-Car-Leon, capital of the Cruithnians or Picts, "City of Lush on the Linn." Lush was the Celtic god of light. Hence also Lugh-Dun or London, Car Leon on Lush (now Lough). Lugh dunum Gaula (Linnets). Lugh dunum Ceticca (Lyons). Leon, &c.

JOHN HURLEY.
LITCHFIELD, Conn., February 15.

CASTING UP ACCOUNTS.

From the *Elmira Reformatory Summary*.

A counsellor has one advantage over many of us: He is not in prison for doing other people's money; he made his own.

CENTRAL PARK WEST.

The Car Track Makes It a Dangerous Thoroughfare.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In his letter to Mayor Hylan asking him to start a proceeding to relocate the tracks of the New York City Railways Company in Central Park West, Oscar Strauss, president of the Public Service Commission, wrote:

A condition of imminent menace and danger exists which should be remedied with all possible expedition. These familiar with conditions in Central Park West agree that President Strauss has hit the nail on the head. The tracks at present constitute a menace which should be eradicated. The condition has been allowed to exist too long already, and the Mayor when he returns from his vacation at Palm Beach should take this matter up as soon as possible. Delay may mean the snuffing out of another life, perhaps of many.

It is a hazardous undertaking to attempt to cross Central Park West. The due to only to the present location of the tracks, but also to the fact that the thoroughfare bordering the western edge of Central Park is extensively used by business and pleasure traffic of all kinds. The stream of vehicles is constant, with no traffic policeman to direct it. One has to keep a sharp eye and hit with a guess the narrow way to do so he has to watch the northbound and southbound cars running close to the curb and the vehicular traffic running in both directions between the southbound car track and the west curb.

Let the tracks be put in the centre of the thoroughfare, then stop off a portion of the sidewalk, and over the down the tracks. In this way the car tracks could be used to separate the northbound and southbound traffic and Central Park West would be made comparatively safe for those who wish to cross.

EXPERIENCED.
New York, February 16.

LOUIS THE GRAPHOLOGIST.

He Imitates Too, Does Our Leonardo, but This Is a Gift From the Gods.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The letter of "Stratus" reminds me of another facet of my myriad sided diamond mind. Which is: My pen is able to imitate most any handwriting in a twinkling of the eye. Just as easily an address on an envelope enables me to write another address easily taken to be the original. This is not done by study; merely a gift from the gods.

Many a time I write my letters in a feminine hand. Stratus's experience was with a man who had the power to simulate a trembling handwriting. Therefore do not try to read a man's character only by his letters—more satisfactory is studying his face, gait and the way he talks. Best results come from the taking notice of his hand shake. His facial expression can be controlled—but the muscles of his wrist and hand cannot. It trembles if it comes in contact with your grin.

This gift of imitation I had at 14, when I could copy any intricate watercolor or the finest pen and ink drawing in shortest time. At 24 I copied portraits of the masters so well that my work was taken for the work of the original. When a connoisseur looked at it, he said: "Why, that is a fine work by Gainsborough!"

At Cornell when I was 18 I painted a violet with stem and leaves, on a stray sheet of paper, with such verisimilitude that I was constantly being asked to make a copy of the design around the rent. When finished no one could tell that the cover, with tints and drawings, had been torn. And a myriad more of imitative works that men and women marvel at in the history of my art career.

In art, at first, I imitate; then I slowly create. Many remain imitative; the few only grow to be creators. No slur on any one, if only each would receive just reward and acclaim in either category of painting.

In these days of photography it is easy to imitate, and many a man using this means cannot draw a freckle what he has painted, therefore is not entitled to the title of artist. Everything I do in art is direct in freckle drawing and painting. No mechanical means for high art. The hand alone draws everything, and with my brain inspired the new creation lies on the canvas, paper or board for the beholder's marveling.

LOUIS M. EISENHENRICH,
Peer of Post-Painters; Most myriad minded of men.
New York, February 16.

A Science Not Lightly to Be Judged.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Your correspondent "Stratus" is one of the many superficial students who judge of handwriting by simple signs. The science of graphology is too profound to be so easily dismissed. Beyond the simple signs, there are many more determining. The person referred to by "Stratus" may be nervous, or have just recovered from a sickness, and yet the will power or the determination be not affected in the least. All the signs must be considered, and it is impossible to determine the makeup of the character.

I have spent spare hours for years in the study of this science and know the danger of snap judgments based on shallow glances at single, simple signs.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16. GRAPHO.

A Parody on "Shoo Fly."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I am inclined to agree with "Uncle Silas" with respect to the age of "Shoo Fly," as noted in your issue of last Tuesday, and as to the latter designated the company in the chorus. In 1873

—it may have been the year before—when I was 14, my father, who was expelling Ned Huntington from the company, parodied "Shoo Fly" in a song which I gave wide circulation for advertising purposes. I may be pardoned for submitting the first stanza of this song:

"Way out upon the prairie
There was a daring chap,
A scout and Indian fighter,
Whose name was Squirrel Cap.
He's as bold as any lion,
As nimble as a panther,
And as cunning as a fox.
Shoo fly, &c.

For many months the foregoing was as popular as the original song had been, and would seem to suggest that "Shoo Fly" had appeared as early as 1870.

H. S. R.
ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 15.

ABDUL HAMID'S REPUTATION AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE.

Passionate Rejoicing Over the Downfall of the Great Assassin, Regardless of Race or Creed—His Name Used to Frighten Children.